

Popish *Nat's* Lamentation.

# DIALOGUE

*Nat. Thompson, the Popish Printer, and  
The Popish Midwife, upon his arrival  
in Newgate April 5. 1682.*

*Mid.* **A** Las! dear *Nat*, art thou sent *thither* too?  
After that thou hast kept *so much* ado:  
When we did hope by thee and thy *two Tools*  
Th'ave seen the silly *Protestants* made Fools?

How comes it *Nat*, that it thus comes to pass,  
That thou hast prov'd thyself the silly *Ass*?

*Nat.* Dear Mother Midnight, I was now mistaken,  
For I believ'd I could have sav'd my Bacon;  
Some men there were did Promise, Swear and Vow  
And by the *Mass* they did confirm it too,  
That what they wrote to print I should not doubt  
And at a pinch that they would bear me out.

*Mid.* So say'd they once to me, yet here I ly  
The very men who once let *Coleman* die.  
But yet to comfort thee, whilst thou art here,  
Thou shalt have wine, and money, and good cheer:  
For I have reason who have found it so,  
To think them the best Keepers I do know.

*Nat.* But what will the *Curf* *W* now do and say,  
*Janeway* will rant now he has won the day:  
Lampoons and Songs, upon me will be made  
Laught at by every Fool and huffing Blade.  
I shall the talk be now of the whole Town,  
And *Whigs* will boast how they have run me down.

*Mid.* Dear *Nat* 'twas boldly ventur'd at to make  
The Council prove what you did undertake,  
When you declar'd that honorable board  
Would put you into a method proofs to afford:  
Didst think they would believe our forged stories,  
Or that they all were such as we false Tories?

*Nat.* My Impudence which all the world doth know  
Has dar'd at that which puntes durst not do:  
I thought to me it would a safeguard prov'd  
With those, who I believ'd the *Tories* lov'd,  
But han't they now made good what I did say,  
And how to prove it put me in a way.  
From *Newgate* at the first our project flew,  
Council we here may get and Witnesses too.

*Mid.* Couldst thou indeed have made the world such *Ninnies*,  
As to believe thee, thou hadst got the *Gulianies*,  
Thou hadst been rich, and wallowed in thy pelf,  
Couldst thou have prov'd Sir *Godfrey* kill'd himself?  
Thou fairly profer'dst at it, and for that  
They'll write thee in the Calendar *St. Nat*.

*Nat.* Sir *W* whom I have often *Curst*,  
Will laugh at me until his *Bustons* Burst,

Indeed

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Indeed it is a great unhappy Chance,  
That my great friend is lately gone to France.  
Had she been here, I could have made a shift,  
She would have help'd me at so Dead a list.  
*Mid.* Cheer up thy drooping heart let it not sink,  
Here you'll have leisure for to plot and think,  
Fear not the Cause dear *Nat*, tho' thou art here,  
Nor do not droop, because the *Whigs* will jeer.  
There's *Harold* his forces up will muster,  
And the *Observer* twice a week will bluster.  
*Nat.* But now I'm got into the wicked City,  
I know that they of me will have no pity:  
I have abus'd them so they'll now me pay,  
Action, on Action, on my back they'll lay  
So that, dear *Midwife*, I begin to doubt,  
I from this place shall never more get out.  
*Mid.* No *Ignoramus* Juries you will find,  
For you to them have always prov'd unkind.  
So many in this City given offence,  
By putting them in your *Intelligence*.  
That you must now look for no mercy here,  
Yet droop not *Nat*, for we will make good Cheer.  
*Nat.* I don't the Citizens nor City love,  
And shortly did from them intend to move,  
I was 'about some hundreds out to lay,  
Had I but done this job and won the day:  
I did intend to herd among your crew,  
And with my press my gainful Trade pursue.  
*Mid.* Come *Nat*, fear not, we shall be rich and great,  
The *Tories* at the last the *Whigs* shall beat:  
The turning Tide begins to flow a pace,  
And shortly you will see another face.  
My friend the *Astrologer* has drawn a Scheme,  
He tells me so and I dare Credit him.  
*Nat.* Unlikely 'tis that *Papery* should advance,  
In England, when 'tis going down in France.  
The *Whigs* of late begin to grin and sneer,  
They have more hopes than we do know I fear:  
I now may think of all my sins are past,  
If they prevail I shall be hang'd at last.  
*Mid.* Ne'r fear thy Neck, but save thee if we can't,  
Dear *Nat*, thou shalt be made a *Tiburn* Saint.  
And all of us will thy black *Saints* sing,  
Whil'st thou art going to *Heav'n* in a string.  
At least thou then shalt die with great applause,  
And the honour have to suffer for our Cause.  
*Nat.* Die like a sullen *Dog*, and ne'r confess,  
That I a gainst my Conscience did transgress;  
That I was wheedled by the *Jesuits* train,  
And that I turn'd for the ungodly Gain.  
Tell me of *Saint-ship*, and a Religious gerd,  
I look'd for Gold, and to be Knighted here.  
I fear I did not well my Measures cast  
If I at *Tiburn* should be hang'd at last.  
*Mid.* I see you'r Melanchollic, let's go in,  
And with good *Sack*, we'll wash away thy sin:  
Our hopes are great, our turn will come again,  
A Fig for France if we can England win.  
L O N D O N Prin. ed for J. Smith.